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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM MARS.

PUCK



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IT IS A QUESTION of nerve. Statistician Hyde is not among those "returning from Europe to explain things."

JEROME WAS foolishly vexed at the appointment of an ex-bartender. Instead, he might well have rejoiced. Frequently, the "ex" is lacking.

THE PROPOSED airship race, over and under the East River bridges, may or may not convey to the mind of Sir Thomas Lipton a brilliant inspiration.

TOM LAWSON claims to have "set the West on fire." He may line in fame with the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, who was also a good advertiser.

MR. CORTELYOU having declared his intention of being no longer Chairman of the Republican National Committee, the Beef Trust, it is rumored, has suggested Mr. Garfield for the job.

MR. BRYAN is soon to start upon his long contemplated tour of the world. Ere he goes, we would respectfully remind him that this is the chance of a life-time to prove his devotion to principle. For genuine Jeffersonian simplicity, there is nothing like the steerage and, later, like the third-class carriage.

IT IS earnestly to be hoped that, having reached Manila, Secretary Taft will scatter no seeds of encouragement in regard to a coming reduction of the Philippine tariff. There is no prospect of the next Congress being any fairer or any more consistent in this matter than the last half-dozen of its predecessors. From the standpoint of "organized greed," the Philippines are just as foreign as ever they were, the change in the bunting which flaps and waves over them being a minor detail of no consequence whatever.

VERMONT IS to erect a monument to the memory of Ann Story. In fairness to the State, we would merely add that it is not the How-old-is-Ann-story.

MAYOR DUNNE of Chicago is lecturing on municipal ownership, and is admirably qualified. He will never know so much about it as he does now, and is wholly unhampered by facts.

LA FOLLETTE'S wish "to have a hand in the hanging" of a certain railroad president leads us to believe that he could frame an exceedingly spicy rate regulation bill, if he would only try, next session.

WE SHALL soon be talking clear around the world," says Nikola Tesla. Mr. Tesla will be recalled as the wizard who talked so freely with the inhabitants of Mars. Talk is his specialty.

SECRETARY WILSON'S decision to "stick" is praiseworthy. Though there is scandal aplenty in his department, he neglects to remark, when the fact is mentioned, "Say that the Secretary was asked about it and that he just laughed." To recall the start of the Post Office scandal is not by any means a difficult mental feat.

"I ABSOLUTELY refuse to answer," said Cornelius N. Bliss. "The question is decidedly improper," when asked if \$100,000 of the famous \$685,000 Equitable loan went into the coffers of the Republican National Committee. It is unfortunate but true that, of all questions, those which are "decidedly improper" are the ones which possess the most interesting answers.



"A LITTLE REMINDER FOR YOU, SIR."

PUCK

STUFF.

THE Igorrottes having learned to read English, no long time could elapse until they should have encountered these words:

"It was a soft, clinging stuff, that accentuated rather than concealed her charms."

A young maid of the tribe saw them first.

"Mother," said she, "what was the stuff the young lady was clothed in?"

The elder woman confessed herself perplexed.

"Possibly it was coal soot," she ventured, recalling the wonderful tales told by those adventurers who had gone out to St. Louis many, many years ago.

BOOMING.

"How is that railroad scheme of yours progressing?" I asked.

"Splendidly!" triumphantly replied my friend, Whoopler, the well-known promoter. "In addition to the common and preferred stock which we have issued in abundance, we are now arranging for some rolling stock."



SOMETHING WHICH EVERY CITY NEEDS.

INVISIBLE.

OUR back, front and profile
Before us may pass,
But the funny side never
Is seen in the glass.

IN 1910.

THE JUDGE.—It seems to me I've seen you some place before;—ah! Are n't you the scoundrel who got in the way of my automobile, last Sunday?

THE VAGRANT (*meekly*).—I did n't know it was yours, Ver Honor.

THE JUDGE.—Ninety days, you callous ruffian you! Why, my wife has n't yet recovered from the jar you gave us!

EXHAUSTING.

"I UNDERSTAND that the home-talent performance last night exhausted the capacity of the Town Hall?" remarked, with a

rising inflection, the washing-machine agent.

"Yes," replied the landlord of the Tullytown tavern, who had been in the audience—and, be it noted, *his* voice had a downward inclination. "And that was n't all it exhausted, either!"



PENETRATIVE.

DAUGHTER.—Ferdie fancies you don't like him, Papa?

FATHER.—Fancies it, eh! I suppose if I should break his neck, he would call it "intuition!"

Graft is the way the other fellow makes his money.



PROPOSED MURAL FRIEZE FOR PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE HOUSE.

A FLIGHT OF COLORED FANCY.

WHEN I gets t' Heaven—Ah 's dat contrary!—
Ah wants tuh wu'k—en de Commissary!
'Tas'in' de boolyongs, seasonin' stew—
Twangin' dem ha'pstrings jes' suit you!



Dar sh'll be spring chickens, yaller as gol',
Wif watahmillions bofe ripe an' col';
Wif new potatoes, an' 'possum meat,
Swimmin' in graby, pow'ful sweet!

Um-yum! niggeh, don' dat soun' good?—
Ain' dat de fines' ob-a Angel food?
Wif fricasseed veal, an' sugah-cyohed ham—
Po'teh-house—musheroons—green peas—
lamb!

Turrahpin—oystehs—tu'tle-soup! Skimmin' de cream f'm de Milky Way,
T' rouse yo' sperrits w'en dey droop! Fuh de riches' kin' ob a new glahssay!
Oh, fo' a mennoo, jes' lak' dat, Sprinklin' stahs on de Bifday cakes!—
Wouldn't yo' gib yo' high silk hat? Shinin' dem saffiah sugah-shakes!

An' t'umpin' dem golden dinneh-gongs,
While you'se a-singin' dem angel-songs!
Eben de choiah-gals leabes dey seat—
"Bress dat niggeh! hit's time tuh eat!"
W. Alburn Crowell

PERHAPS THE TIME WILL COME.

VISITOR.—Who is the benevolent looking convict with the bald head and side whiskers?

WARDEN.—That's Steel, the notorious bank wrecker, who got away with three millions. He's in for life.

"And the gaunt one next to him?"

"He's only a ninety day—er—held up a man at night and robbed him of \$3 to get food for his starving family."

THOUGHT IT BLACKMAIL.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC (*showing his treasures*).—Here is a book that cost me \$15,000.

THE SOCIETY MAN.—You're an easy mark, I must say.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC (*warmly*).—Easy? Why, I was ready to pay twice that sum for it!

THE SOCIETY MAN.—Great Cats! What sort of a past have you, anyway?

THE LAST STRAW.

THE ARTIST.—What effect do you think a war between Norway and Sweden would have on the world at large?

THE EDITOR.—I'm afraid there would be a universal strike of linotype operators and proofreaders.



THE MORNING AFTER.

THE TUMBLE BUG.—Why, what's the trouble here? Been a freight wreck?

THE POTATO BUG.—Oh, no; had n't you heard? Miss Centipede was married last night.

The manifest destiny of most of us is not to get along very fast unless we hustle.



PARLOR GOLF.

THE FUNCTION OF THE MOTH-BALL WHEN THE FAMILY IS AWAY.

A HAVEN OF REST.

SMYTHE arose just two hours later than was his wont; he bathed with deliberation and made a careful and lengthy toilet. After dawdling an unconscionable time over the choicest breakfast that the *table d'hôte* could supply he lit a better cigar than he usually smoked and strolled out on the piazza of the summer hotel.

Inhaling alternately his Havana and the proverbial bracing atmosphere, without which no advertisement of a summer resort is complete, Smythe gazed at the placid lake, the distant mountains and the cloudless sky with complete complacency.

"Now, this is something like!" he observed to himself. "How different is this from the constant rush and bustle of the city! Could anything, indeed, be more conducive to peace and restfulness than this quiet nook far from the madding crowd?"

"During my week here," he mused, contentedly flicking the ash from his cigar, "I intend doing absolutely nothing that entails even the slightest

mental or physical effort. The doctor tells me that I need a complete rest and—"

Here Smythe's meditations were interrupted by the approach of a large lady who projected herself upon his vision in an affable though businesslike manner.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "for thus addressing you without a proper introduction, though here at Lakeview we *do* feel that these little formalities may be dispensed with, but you looked so lonely that I thought I might possibly persuade you to join our morning euchre. I am Mrs. Willoughby Wellington."

"Why, I—I'm sure—," stammered Smythe, rather taken aback, but sparring desperately for time. For the life of him he could not think of a Polite Lie.

"Now, don't make any objections, *please!*" pursued his benefactress, assuming an air of elephantine playfulness. "Men are so scarce, and we need just one more to complete a table. You really must come!"

Smythe tried a few poor objections, but these were brushed away as airy nothings, and before he realized it he had weakly capitulated. He was sweetly informed that there was a small fee attached to pay for the prizes, and after he had produced he was led away to the parlor where an eager throng composed of sweet young things, their mammas, elderly unattached ladies and a few old men awaited the signal to play.

Smythe was hastily presented to a few people whose names he did not catch, and fell into his chair at the table indicated; somebody rang a bell and the tall thin lady opposite him began to deal the cards with lightning-like rapidity. Smythe did not care for cards in any event and euchre he regarded as Satan's own invention. The game was kept keyed to a most strenuous pace, and between mopping his perspiring brow, keeping trumps in mind and endeavoring to refrain



RURAL REPARTEE.

FARMER BENTOVER (*wrathfully*).—Hey, over there, you gol-rammed tramp! What are you doin' in my blackberry patch?

SOILED SPOONER.—Oh, just sorter pickin' my way through it.

from trumping his partner's ace, for which act he was thrice severely censured, Smythe was forced to efforts more Herculean than on the morning Amalgamated C. O. & S. hit the toboggan.

It was only after three hours of toil and turmoil that the game ended and Smythe, weary and hot, made his escape, not caring to participate in the squabble following the award of the highly decorative prizes.

At lunch he retired to a remote corner of the dining-room, where he was promptly ferreted out by an ingenuous young person whom he had met during the morning session. Smythe did his best to evade her suggestion that they go golfing in the afternoon, but with the sweet insistence common to sixteen summers she finally gained her point.

The afternoon was insufferably hot and sultry, but they played three times over the eighteen-hole course, which was of the up-hill-and-down-dale variety. As Smythe dragged wearily back to the hotel his companion suggested that they go boating. During his invigorating little pull on the lake Smythe added four large blisters to his already choice collection, and also strained his back.

With the feeling that all was not as he had expected, Smythe dressed for dinner. At any rate, he reflected, he would spend a restful evening smoking and thinking Large Thoughts.

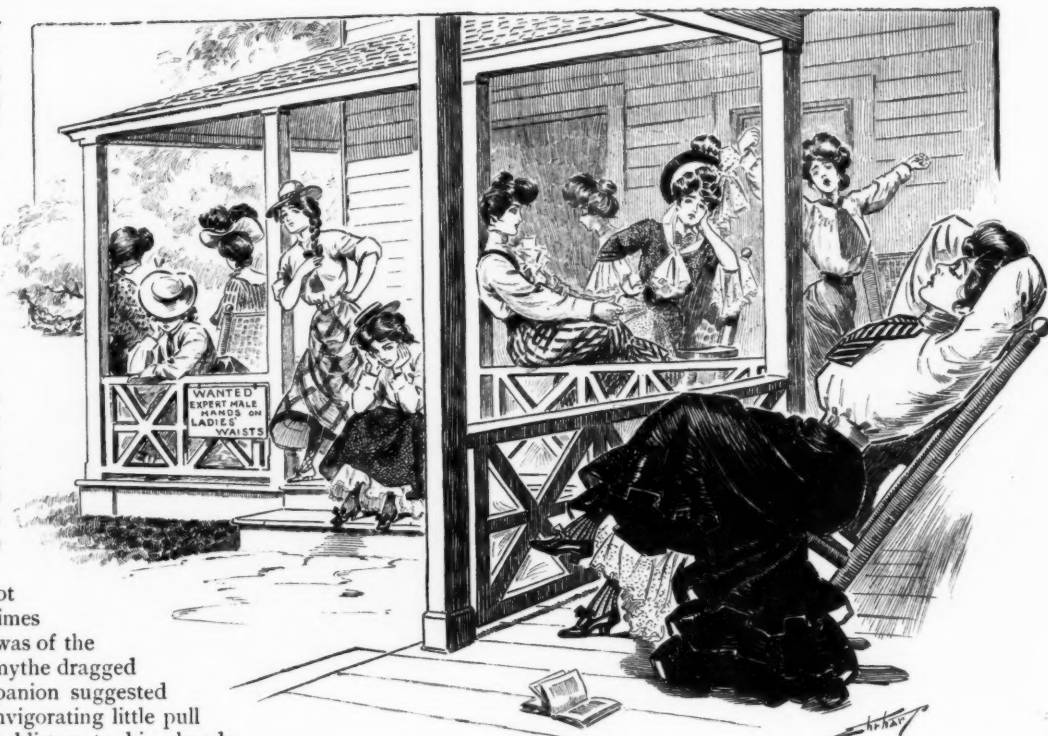
At eight-thirty, as he was enjoying the first fragrant whiffs from his after-dinner cigar, Smythe heard the dulcet strains of the hotel orchestra emanating from the ball-room. Almost at once he was surrounded by a bevy of youth and beauty.

"Oh, Mr. Smythe!" they explained, breathlessly, "we're giving a ladies' choice dance to-night and you're engaged for twenty-four dances! Don't you just worship dancing!"

Smythe did not go back to town next day. He stayed in his room and had his meals sent up. Whenever he felt the need of exercise he would arise from his bed and pull the bell on the wall opposite. It was only a few days until the clerk in the office came to know that one long ring from 34 meant a rickey, two short ones a highball, and a long and short one a julep with plenty of mint.

Smythe was distinctly refreshed and exhilarated when he returned to the city.

Arthur D. Pratt.



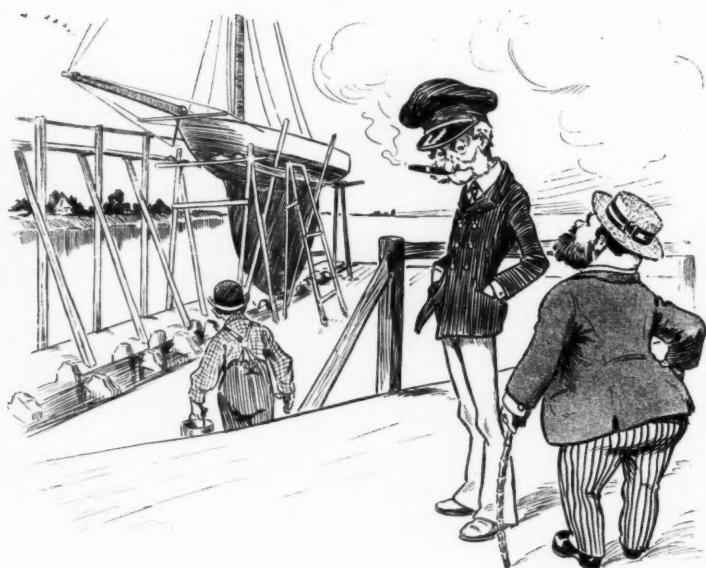
"NO RELIEF IN SIGHT."

FUTURE NAVAL ORDERS.

THE BATTLESHIP *Guam*, the protected cruiser *Lawson* and the coast defense monitor *Andy* will proceed forthwith to Bar Harbor, Me., and report to the Cotillion leader of that station.

The North Atlantic Squadron will rendezvous for the month of August at Newport, R. I., and clear decks for dancing as soon as possible after its arrival. The despatch boat *Dolphin* will distribute favors until further notice.

The torpedo boat *Poisoned Arrow* being too small to accommodate the summer german at Shelter Island, the new battleship *Billtaft* is hereby ordered to Gardiner's Bay. The Navy Department wishes to apologize for the inconvenience it has caused the summer colonists. The *Poisoned Arrow*, the department is well aware, could scarcely provide for a single square set.



THE JOYS OF YACHTING.

LANDSMAN. — For heaven's sake, old chap, what have you got such a big — what d' you call 'em — for?

YACHTSMAN. — Big Fin Keel? Wait till we go outside to-morrow and see.



YACHTSMAN (the next day). — Drink hearty, boys! That keel has got a capacity of five hundred gallons and three quarts.

PUCK



THE HAMMOCK HOG.

FOOTPAD (in a rasping whisper).—Keep still now; all I want is your money.

SUMMER BOARDER.—Oh, that's all right! I thought, perhaps, you wanted this hammock.

WHEN THE EMPERORS MET.

[SCENE.—The deck saloon of the Russian imperial yacht, the Polar Star. Enter the Czar of all the Russias and the Emperor of all the Germanies, the former glancing about him furtively.]



NICHOLAS (as they come in).—You are quite sure the saloon has been thoroughly searched.

WILLIAM.—Quite sure. There is n't a bomb aboard. Make yourself perfectly easy. [They sit.]

NICHOLAS.—Well, your Majesty, I am here at your invitation—

WILLIAM.—Pardon me, your Majesty, I am here at your invitation.

NICHOLAS.—I repeat, on the authority of the Paris Temps, that the invitation—

WILLIAM.—If you had read the New York Sun you would have learned that the initiative came from you.

NICHOLAS.—Have it your own way; you always do. [starts] What was that?

WILLIAM.—I heard nothing.

NICHOLAS (wiping his brow).—It sounds like the ticking of an infernal machine.

WILLIAM.—Ach was! You are nervous, Little Brother. Come, you wish my advice on certain matters; you shall have it. Shall we begin with your foreign policy or your domestic?

NICHOLAS (abstractedly).—As you please. [His nervousness, instead of abating, increases; he seems to be listening to a sound that WILLIAM does not hear.]

WILLIAM.—Then we will just consider the war with Japan, which you were ass enough to provoke.

NICHOLAS (apologetically).—You telegraphed me to go ahead.

WILLIAM.—Well, stop it. Auscut it. You could n't whip Japan in a thousand years, even if you did n't have France for an ally.



YELLOW JOURNALISM.

NICHOLAS.—But I must have a hot water port.

WILLIAM.—A hot water port! *Himmelkreuz!* Your empire, *Brüderchen*, is all hot water! What would you! *Bumblitzdonnerwetter!*

NICHOLAS (in an agony of apprehension).—Listen! Do you not hear it?

WILLIAM (frowning).—I tell you I hear nothing. *Du bist verrückt.* Come, Romanoff, that settles your foreign policy; besides, Krupp is running night shifts and can't take any more orders for guns. Now for your domestic. Stand pat, as the Americans say. Stand pat on the divine right proposition; it's a good game. Of course, you and I know that it's all nonsense; but there are one or two fools in my empire that still believe it, and several million in yours. We can both keep up the bluff until the end of our reigns, and—*apres nous, le deluge!*

NICHOLAS (rising spasmodically).—That ticking! that ticking!—I must go! At any moment the thing may explode!

WILLIAM (irritably).—Ach, *papperlapapp!* You are getting to be a pessimist. There is no bomb here.

NICHOLAS (clutching the other's arm).—Man, can you not

hear it!—tick-tick, tick-tick!

WILLIAM (losing patience).—Schnick-schnack! Schnick-schnack!

NICHOLAS (imploringly).—But listen a moment!

[William listens, and a smile spreads gradually over his face. He hauls on his fob and produces a huge watch in a german-silver case.]

WILLIAM.—Foolish Little Brother! This was what frightened you. Is it not a beautiful watch? I made it myself. B. L. T.



THEIR ONLY SAFETY.

"THE CHILDREN need shoes."

It was in a home of the middle classes. The young wife looked anxiously at her husband, who came in laden with bundles.

"Shoes!" he muttered sternly. "How can you talk to me of shoes, when I have just had to buy a new tire."

His wife sighed. "I know it, dear," she said; "of course we had to have the tire, but really there are some things I'm afraid we've got to get. I've cut down on the market bills all I could, but the Sunday dinners—"

"Cut 'em out!" replied her husband. "My search-light has given out, and we've got to get a new one."

"But, dear, my clothes are in rags."

"Well, what of it! You don't want decent clothes when you are out. Besides, I've got to have the engine taken down next week."

"Couldn't you spare me fifty cents?"

The husband's face turned pale.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "We can't stop eating. We must stop wearing clothes."

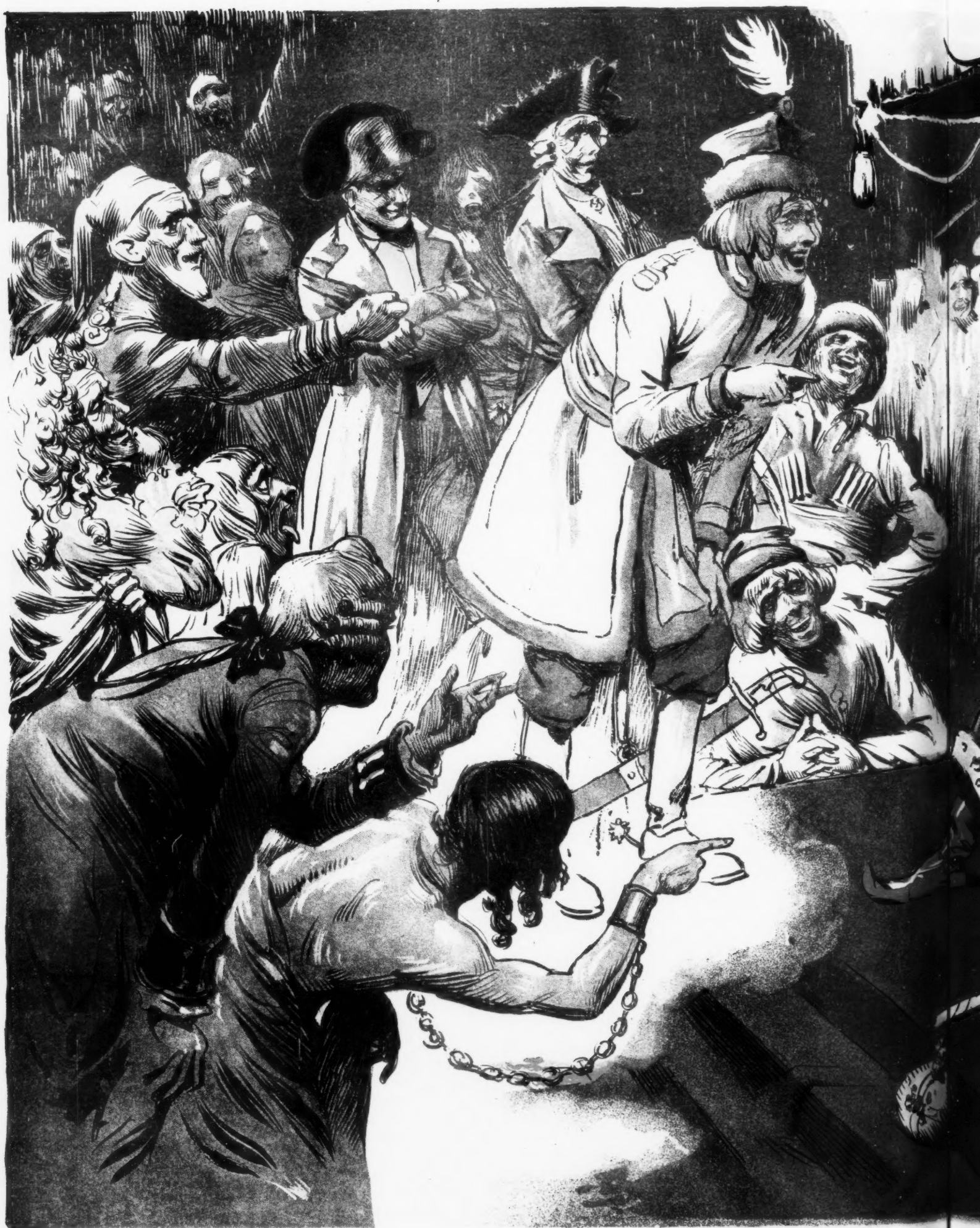
Then he folded his weeping wife in his arms. "Never mind, darling," he said gently. "Remember that as long as it is possible for me to keep that auto in repair, even if we have n't anything else, we'll still be able to maintain our position in society."

MAN TO MAN.

ST. PETER.—Your wife has been looking for you.

NEW ARRIVAL.—I hope you told her I was detained at the office.

Some, at least, of the evils of our body politic, are merely growing pains.



THE LITTLEST
MOCKED BY THE GHOSTS OF THE H



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE LITTLEST FATHER.
THE GHOSTS OF THE HUMILIATED AND OPPRESSED.

PUCK

THE TWIN SURVIVORS.

"There can be no great reform in the affairs of American municipalities until the political boss and the labor unions cease to be dictators." — *Dalrymple of Glasgow to Mayor Dunne of Chicago.*



WHEN WATER, unpropelled by pumps,
Cavorts and dances up the slope;
When Steel Stock, Common, parward jumps,
Then higher leaps — fantastic hope!
When *Fads and Fancies* sees the light
Of lit'ry day and leaves the press;
When Jersey skeeters cease to bite,
And soothe instead with soft caress;
When Lawson seeks Bob Crusoe's isle,
On which to live a hermit's life,
Leaving to other pens the while

The frenzied throng's "ignoble strife;" Of libraries to give away,
When triplets (other people's) shock Oh, *then* — Utopian imagery! —
A man who dwells at Oyster Bay; That greatest of reforms will be
When Russell Sage builds block on block As distant as it is to-day.

Utopia fair is unaware
Of such a state of civic bliss;
And Arcady, from care so free,
Is still possessed of cares like this.
How can old earth e'er hope to miss,
Ah, happy miss! — this precious twain?
Millenniums may come, of course,
And oust all else, but *they* 'll remain —
The Labor Union and the Boss!

A. H. F.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SOCIETY DAME.

"It is certainly a curious case, Watson," remarked Sherlock Holmes, when the lady in black left our apartments. "The woman states that the allusions to her past, printed in *Smart Set Topics*, are known only to herself, since the gentleman in the case is dead; that in no possible way could a third person be cognizant of the facts. Of this she is absolutely certain."

"Then who is the contributor — an inhabitant of the spirit world?" I asked.

"It would seem so," said Holmes. "And yet no gentleman, in the flesh or in the spirit, would be capable of such infamy."

According to his wont, Sherlock Holmes donned a disguise and disappeared. He returned the evening following, a smile of satisfaction on his thin face. "The mystery is solved, Watson," he declared triumphantly.

A few moments later the veiled lady appeared, as per agreement.

"Madame," said Holmes, when I had provided her with a chair, "want of space makes it necessary for me to eliminate padding of every kind and state the result of my investigations briefly:

"In the first place, the contributions to *Smart Set Town Topics*, as you may or may not know, are all made by jealous and vengeful members of the smart set, and are merely rewritten by office hirelings."

The woman in black nodded nervously. "I have understood so," she replied, in an agitated voice. "Very good," said Holmes. "Yesterday I obtained access (by what means I need not stop to explain) to the private list of contributors to *Topics*, and I found that by all odds the most industrious of these contributors was — yourself."

"Merciful heavens!" murmured the lady, with a premonition of the denouement. Holmes went on relentlessly:

"Since then no third person, on your own affirmation, could be cognizant of the facts in the scandal; since the gentleman in the case is dead, and since I have the sworn statement of the owner of *Topics* that no spirits or trance mediums are on his payroll, I have no hesitation in saying that in a moment of temporary aberration — YOU WROTE THE SCURRILOUS PARAGRAPH YOURSELF!"



NOVELISM.

NOVELISM is a disease of civilization, like liver-complaint and myopia. Indeed, the three often go hand in hand. It is said that novelists are quite unknown among savages except where these have come in contact with the superior races.

Novelism is acute in Indiana, owing to the character of the soil, which will not support a dense population unless they piece out with literature and politics. In more favored localities, where the people are not quite so dense, the disease has the sub-acute or chronic form.

Novelism is set down by some respectable authorities as an affection of the nerves, as doubtless it was in the beginning and before it became pandemic, but it is now, more properly, an affection for the coin, with nerve secondarily involved.

It is well understood that pestilence follows famine, and many a poor fellow has been driven to novelism by hunger.

STRIKING HIS GAIT.

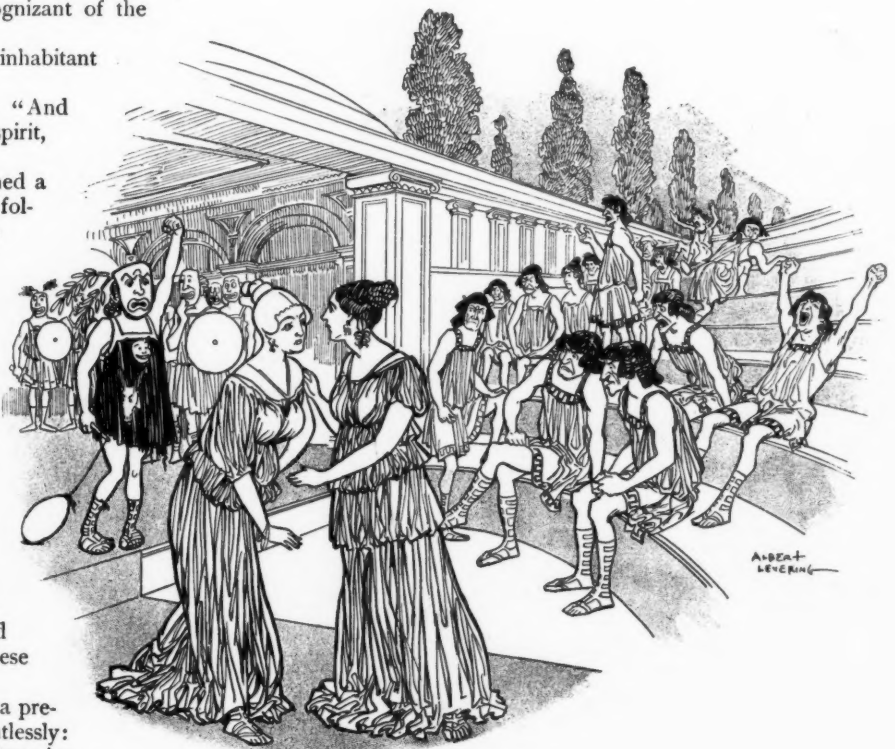


MISAPPREHENSION.

MRS. HOON (*in the midst of his reading*). — I see that a stay has been granted that notorious young lady confidence man — er — woman.

MRS. HOON. — A stay granted her — hoh! What difference does it make how the brazen huzzy's waist sets?

JUDICIOUSLY managed, promises will sometimes do more for a man than performance. Now, for instance, there's politics —



THE AMATEURS OF GREECE.

PENELOPE. — Oh, is n't it awful! What *is* the matter?

NIOBE (*just from behind scenes*). — The meanest thing! Somebody stole the costumes and they've had to play "Pudd'nhead Pericles" in tragedy masks.

After ages will wonder how we ever built the Panama canal while paying the tips we do.

PUCK



INDEBTEDNESS.

TUXEDO TUCKER.—Tell yer wot it is, gents! We owes de Smart Set a big debt o' gratitude.

NEXT HOUSE NOONAN.—Dat 's wot we do! Dey give us de idea of dese here week-end outings.

AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

"UMPH-AH!" ejaculated old Uncle Slewfoot, wagging his head solemnly. "At de present time, if yo' loaf around de post-office or gwine by de libery stable, all dat yo' 'll heah de cuhnels and majahs and judges, dar dissembled, a-'sputin' about will be how de trusts and de octopusses and de plutocratters in gen'l has been a-maultreatin' de people and how de people am sho' gwine to rise in deir might and hop 'em, and bust 'em wide open wid de jaw-bone ob de law—yas-sah! 'Pears to me, sah, dat old Mr. Trouble am a-gwine out on de hunt ob de rich man de fust t'ing yo' knows; and as I has de sum ob fo' dollahs and twenny cents in muh clothes dis minute, I 's on muh way right now to hab muh will drawed up—dess to be on de safe side, sah; dess to be on de safe side."

FIRST THOUGHT.

BELSHAZZAR saw the writing on the wall. "Gracious!" he gasped, "is my wife sending from the sea-shore for more money?"

Even the final catastrophe was less than he had feared.

OBSERVATION.

RUBE.—See about the Lewis an' Clark Exposition?

MARIA.—No; what have they bin doin'? There do seem to be a dretful lot o' scandal now-days.



THE WHOLE STORY.

MANAGER SOMERSNAP OPERA COMPANY.—I thought you told my advance man that a show like this would pack 'em to the doors?

MANAGER BILLVILLE OPERA HOUSE.—So I did—so I did; but how in tarnation could I foresee the comin', night afore last, of a open-air medicine man who give away a dollar bill wrapped up with each an' ev'ry bottle uv his magic cure-all?

THE MODERN MARINER.

ADRY SHEET and a lazy sea,
A wind so far from fast
It barely floats the owner's flag
That flutters at the mast, —
That flutters at the mast, my boys;
So, while the sky is free
Of cloud, we 'll take a yachtsman's chance
And venture out to sea.

The aneroid has dropped a tenth!
Back, back across the bar
To a harbor snug, and a long cold drink,
And a big fat black cigar, —
A big fat black cigar, my boys;
While, on an even keel,
The Swedish chef out-chefs himself
In getting up a meal.

Give me a soft and gentle wind,
A fleckless azure sky;
I care not for your "snoring breeze"
And dinners heaving high, —
For dinners heaving high, my boys,
Make no great hit with me;
So when the breeze begins to snore
We 'll not put out to sea.

There 's laughter in yon beach hotel,
And summer girls a crowd;
And hark the music, mariners,
The band is piping loud!
The band is piping loud, my boys,
Bright eyes are flashing free.
Come, fly the owner's absent flag,
And join the revelry.

B. L. T.



THE MINSTREL'S WOE.

TIMES were very hard with the minstrel man because the present day theater-goer desires something more thrilling than minstrelsy. So the minstrel decided to turn robber for a living. He got a dark lantern, a jimmy and other burglar-like tools and started out.

But the minstrel was a raw hand at the business and he broke into a house where a man was sleeping. Now the minstrel did n't want his first job to fail so he gagged the man and went downstairs to confiscate the silverware.

Alas! When the minstrel gagged the man he remained true to his craft and used an old gag and the first thing he knew the man had his head out of the window crying for help.

Moral: Business Methods Must Always Be Up-to-Date.

AT NEWPORT.

REGINALD.—Artie had a wonderful experience last week, you know.

GUSSIE (just arrived).—You don't say. What was it?

REGINALD.—Why, his bathing-suit was so stunning, bah jove, sevewal newspaper men snapped him as a Summer girl.

Americans with a discriminating taste prefer

COOK'S

CHAMPAGNE

Imperial
extra dry

Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

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"Mrs. Spuddsworth, it seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is rather inclined to loquacity."

"Still," replied her hostess, as she straightened the \$1,900 rug, "for a person as tall as her it ain't so bad as though she was shorter." — *Chicago Record-Herald*.

HEARD IN BILLVILLE.

"You reckon you'll come out purty good on yer crap this year?"

"I reckon so; the sheriff is layin' 'roun', an' appears to feel confident." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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Indianapolis, Ind.



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SHE.—I wonder if air-ships—little ones just for two—will ever displace carriages?
HE.—I think not; that is, if it takes two hands to run them.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

WHEN ONE DEPARTS.

The man who pays his debts and moves away
Will hardly be remembered for a day;
The man who goes and leaves his debts behind
Is sure to linger in the public mind.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

DEMONSTRATION.

SHE.—Did you ever propose to a girl in a canoe?
HE.—Yes, and I'll never do it again! The girl jumped at my proposal, and upset the boat.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is ideal weather to search for the North Pole. — *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

FOR **GOUT & RHEUMATISM**
Use the Great English Remedy
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For busy men and women — Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

A LASS AND A LACK!

"All the world a lover loves"—
But Cupid's such an elf,
It's often true all others do
Except the girl herself.
—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SHOP TALK.

"Wha'd he get fired for?"
"Pigheaded. Couldn't get him to set Russian names any way except by leaning his elbow on the keyboard of the machine." — *Indianapolis News*.

PADEREWSKI has his hands insured against loss. Would n't care to sit in a game with a man who was protected that way. — *Washington Post*.

If the Garden of Eden had been on the coast, perhaps it would have been the sea serpent that fooled sweet mother Eve. — *Somerville Journal*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals on wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 296 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WORD FROM BRE'R WILLIAMS.

Many a ole witch flies 'roun' de moon only ter let folks know dat she kin ride a broomstick.

Troubles never comes single; dey mos' inginrully got a family, en dar's a mother-in-law in it.

De devil is only black in de sight er de worl' kaze some folks would ruther buy de tar ter smutch him than preach de religion to convert him.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

FIRST AND LAST.

"You are the first girl I ever asked to marry me," he said.

"Well, I hope I'll be the last," she replied, as they embraced.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

KNEW THE CALLERS.

DOCTOR'S WIFE.—There's an awfully ringing in my ears; I wonder what it is!

DOCTOR.—Probably an echo.

DOCTOR'S WIFE.—Echo of what?

DOCTOR.—Of the buzzing you heard this afternoon. I saw their cards in the hall.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

Butlers in the best families, chefs in leading hotels and cafes and all first-class cooks can tell you that Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Gravies, Game, Salads, etc., are given a rare and appetizing relish if seasoned with
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.
Refuse imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

BREAKING HER WORD.

SHE.—Would you believe it? When the bride came to the word "obey," in the wedding service, she stuttered terribly.

HE.—Well, she might just as well break her word one time as another.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A SCHEME.

HE.—Here's a collar I bought for the dog. Isn't it a beauty? Only paid \$1.25 for it.

SHE.—A collar for that cur? I thought you wanted to get rid of the—

HE.—So I do. Some one will be sure to steal him now, with that collar on him.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

TOUCHING scene, that, in a novel the Penciler is writing about a Boston girl: First she modestly cast down her eyes, and then she laid down her spectacles.—*Somerville Journal*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's love to one, Friendship to a few and Good-will to all."

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
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SOME TREMULOUS QUERIES.

NOTE.—One of the rules of a Chicago training school for wives is: "Learn to play or sing, for music can be made to take the place of the club."

AH, is it true? Can tender music
Be applied
To husbands so that wives will be
Quite satisfied?

Are husbands wand'ring through the night
With other men
To be recalled by song, and thus
Brought home again?

Is man henceforth to be
Directed by
The harp's sweet harmonies,
The flute's soft cry?

Will fingered ivory or shivering
Silver strings
Appeal? Or wifely influence grow
On what she sings?

Can those domestic virtues which
Glow as a sheen,
On husbands be maintained
By Op. 16?

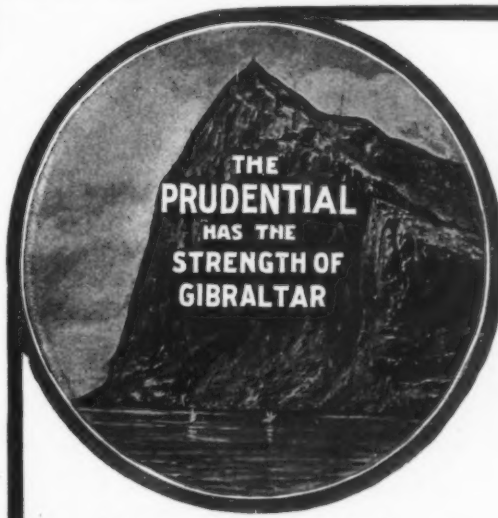
Are husbands to be led
By rub-a-dub?
Or will the wives still think it best
To use a club?

William J. Lampton.

TROUBLE.

CHURCH.—Half the trouble in this world comes from men lying.

GOTHAM.—Yes; and the other half comes from them telling the truth.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



SAVE for your Own and your Family's Future.

You may be surprised to know how profitably you can invest even an average of \$2.00 per week in Endowment Life Insurance in

The Prudential

Cash amount payable to you (if living) in 10, 15 or 20 years with Dividends, (according to plan selected).

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Everyone
Everywhere

Evans' Ale
Easy to get
Easy to serve
Crown Corks



DOUBTED HIS VERACITY.

"What luck did you have fishing?"
"Bad. Very bad. I landed three whoppers. They were so big nobody'd believe I caught 'em." — *Detroit Free Press.*

A MAN called another man a liar to-day. The man accused said: "I know I am a liar, but I thought you were too much of a gentleman to refer to it." — *Atchison Globe.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The President of U. S.

(March 3rd, 1897) signed a bill passed by Congress and Senate, permitting us to bottle our whiskey in its pure natural state under supervision of Govt. Officials—Thus every bottle of

Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

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SOLE AGENCY



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe its delights."

Why? The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon. Made since 1876. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant. The Delight, The Pleasure when it dawns on you will be lasting.

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

THE SURBRUG CO., New York City



EMBLEMATIC.

BESS.—What ever induced Jim to join another lodge?

JIM'S CHUM.—Could n't say, positively, but perhaps he was tired of his old watch charm.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

If a man sits in the same room with a baby that is sound asleep in its crib, he thinks he should have credit for taking care of it.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE only way Scotty, the Death Valley miner, can create any attention now is by walking home.—*Atchison Club.*

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After Shaving.
Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

WOODBURY SOAP CREAM POWDER DENTAL OR FOR THE FACE
You receive an impression of quality and efficiency in the very first contact with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Hygiene knows no safer soap for cleansing and beautifying delicate skin.
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SOMETHING ACCOUNTED FOR.

BACON.—Well, they say a fool is born every minute.

EGBERT.—Yes, but unfortunately a fool-killer is not.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AFTER a girl gets to be twenty-seven or twenty-eight, it is n't safe for a man to propose to her just by way of compliment.—*Somerville Journal.*

RED TOP RYE
AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY
It's up to YOU
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS 1904
FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
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NEW YORK OFFICE
1358 BROADWAY
PURITY
HEALTHFULNESS
BOUQUET



UNPREJUDICED.

FOOTPAD.—Your money or your life!

CITIZEN.—See here! I'm a Tammany leader, and—

FOOTPAD.—Oh, I don't care how yer got it—I'll take it!

PROTECTED.

"I've been here at the seashore three weeks and my hands are n't tanned a bit. Funny, is n't it?" mused the engaged girl.

"Oh, I don't know," remarked her fiancé; "they've been in the shade of my sheltering palms most of the time!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE DID IT.

"Well, how did you sleep last night?" asked the proprietor of the summer hotel.

"On the floor," replied the man who had arrived the evening before. "I found that it was just as soft as the bed and did n't sag."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

HE'S THERE, TOO.

PATIENCE.—Is she a selfish girl?

PATRICE.—No, not at all. You never find her occupying a hammock all by herself!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE CZAR is not talking so much as he used to about "my dear children." The children have been growing rapidly.—*Washington Post.*

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

A BARGAIN.

NELL.—Is n't she a peculiar girl? She would n't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him.

BELLE.—Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A Brilliant Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

by the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL

and **BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

29 full-page Illustrations by **FRANK A. NANKIVELL**

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

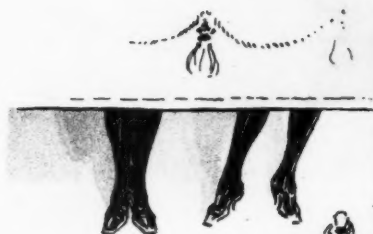
The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PRICE IN HANDSOME ONE DOLLAR CLOTH BINDING

All Booksellers, or mailed anywhere on receipt of price by **PUCK, New York**

THE TURNING OF THE DOG.

UNCLE
TOM'S
ABIN
TWO
TOMS
TWO
EVAS
TWO
TOM'S



A QUIET little biding place was Jayburg-On-The-Flat,
A sober Jersey County-seat, wherein the county sat;
The people there were simple folk, until, one evil day
Extravagance came in the door, and prudence winged away.
They builded them an opera-house, to slay the sluggard time—
Ten, twenty and thirty by evening, and the matinees a dime.

Anon the gladful Tomers came from over Christendom
To double little Eva, and to treble Uncle Tom.
Siberian bloodhounds coursed the streets where once the vagrom cat
Reigned mistress of the quietude of Jayburg-On-The-Flat.
Then Peck's Bad Boy, that wayward child, a couple nights or more
Fetched S. R. O.—the first for him this side of Saginaw.
The haggard one night standers, from Paducah up to Nome
All took on flesh in Jayburg—for the hams had found a home.

Calamity, which hovers o'er the best laid plans of man
Was laying with a loaded club for Jayburg's happy clan.
And suddenly a bit of news set every tongue agog—
"The syndicate is going to try a new show on the dog!"
"A comic opera," ran the tale, and Jayburg's was the joy
Of seeing first the "little gem" and "fun without alloy."
It came. The chorus danced and sang. The wheezy trumpets blared.
The seven jokes and fifteen songs had quiet Jayburg scared.
Fond wives were promptly scandalized, and promptly came to know
That truly modern choruses want little here below.

Now when the curtain fell that night, it seemed the show was lost.
"It's rotten!" cried the populace, and echo answered "Frost!"
But back of all the scenery danced the manager the while—
He knew that old New York would laugh where Jayburg could n't smile.
And so it proved: the very fact, well advertised, that it
Had joggled guileless Jayburg, made the opera a hit.

Then came another, then some more; then the whole catalogue
Of modern comic operas to be fitted on the dog.
Where once had reigned tranquility appeared a fatal sign
That Jayburg was afflicted with a character canine.
Destruction dogged its footsteps, and good evidence was there
That high art had it muzzled and impounded in its lair.

Then rose the gorge of Jayburg, and the gentle townsfolk swore.
They vowed that they'd be hanged if they would stand it any more.
They hatched a plot of awful mien, and passed a vote *en masse*
That they would swat with horrid swats the next show which should
pass.

Well, hardly had the moderator rapped the gavel down,
When swift as Tartar's arrow came a message to the town—
"To-night, unless the prophecy of man should slip a cog,
To-night, to Jayburg comes another opera for the dog."

Oh, crowded was the balcony, and crowded was the pit,
And packed and jammed the gallery where the little godlets sit;
The aisles were full, the boxes too, it was a joyous night,
The glorious night that Jayburg struck for Freedom and for
Right.

The show—ah, reader, you may guess: you've seen the kind
of show—

A comic opera, borrowed from the Pucks of long ago.
A little song, a deal of wrong, a flying foot and ank—
Is showing midst the scenery of the "Prince of Hanky-Pank."
Anon the moss-grown gags were sprung, anon the six stars sang,
There was n't any meaning, but the crowd cared not a hang;
They shouted, and they clapped and stamped, they cheered with might
and main,
They danced the chorus breathless, and then clapped them out again.

The dog had turned. The curtain fell, and saved the opera troupe.
They gathered round the manager—an angry, breathless group.
"Whose fault this is, I do not know," that individual said,
"They never laughed at us before: I thought the town was dead."
"Somebody blundered; or the show is really good I fear."
"Or worse than all, I much suspect there is an actor here."
So they returned to old Broadway, and found that it was so—
The joyous, cackling laugh of Jayburg killed the bloomin' show.
Henceforth the Jersey town is safe, and you may also know
That Uncle Tom is there once more, and playing S. R. O.

Freeman Tilden.

